

THE WORLD'S FAIR AS A WOMAN SEES IT

If any one remembered about the tent dwellers out on the Indian reservation during the late windy rain, it was to feel sorry for them and to expect to hear they had been left shelterless or blown with their teepees from off the hill, but Monday's sunlight found them unconcernedly going about their work. The little boys sailed bark boats in a puddle and made adobe bricks of the plentiful mud, while one, in the airy morning negligee of a green calico skirt, slid down a wet clay embankment on a barrel stave. It was washday, too, and some of the braves were doing the heavy work of minding the babies while the squaws chopped kindling or bent over the up-to-date washtubs and boards and scrubbed out the family wash. Work was progressing on the big sod house, whose pole and brushwood frame was being covered with thick chunks of turf. Apparently sod is taken because of the binding roots, for the grass is not turned outward as would be supposed. Beside wood fires were set simmering coffee pots and over them on brushwood griddles big slices of meat were broiling.

The Patagonians were sitting on the ground beside a chunk of roasted meat, from which, with their knives, they cut great mouthfuls, dipped them in salt and ate them from their fingers. The men still wear their fur blankets upon occasion, but have turned the fur side outside and have as yet made no summer substitute for the heavy trousers made of an uncut woolen blanket. One of the men sat down upon a macadam road and chatted amiably awhile with an Arizona Indian, using the sign language, helped out by Spanish, of which both know a little.

Monday was a busy day on the reservation, for on it fell the weekly ration day, when regular supplies of groceries were to be given out. About the government storehouse gathered the heads of all these fortunate families who are sure of three meals a day. They came early and each brought a card on which was the number of people in his household and his name. Such a hilarious name it was, sometimes such as, Singing Goose, Cut Nose and Buffalo Hide. After his name followed a long list of things, such as soap, candles, beans, baking-powder, coffee, flour, sugar, salt, dried fruit, rice and lard, and opposite each was set the amount of it he was entitled to draw. Some of the braves carried the groceries home themselves and some of them had their wives come and get them and carry them off tied up in their blankets. The paths were muddy on Indian hill, so the squaws just left off their shoes and later washed their feet beneath a nearby faucet. The meat tickets, which entitle every man, woman and child to 1½ pounds of fresh meat every morning, were presented at the door of a little fly screen inclosed room where the meat was weighed out—in lump pieces if for a family and in slices if for a single person. There was no wrangling over choice cuts, for meat is meat to them, and the Patagonians even prefer ribs and neck.

The different Indian tribes all eat much the same things, although the Patagonians eat the most meat, while those from near the Mexican border like a good deal of red pepper and cook also the thin wafer bread of that country. One of these southern Arizona families has only just come and is still in the Indian building where the women cook on a big six-hole range with all the newest attachments. In preparing bread the women mixed water, flour and salt in a nice new clean granite washpan, and taking a wad of the dough set it whirling on one hand, while with the other they pulled at it deftly until it was of wafer thinness and over a foot in diameter. Then they laid it on the top of the hot range and turned it over rapidly until it browned lightly, then folded it up and laid it aside. At home they bake on a piece of sheet iron, and in more primitive times used a flat lava stone set within the fire. The man in the government storehouse said he had seen the Indians in their own land twirl out these pie-crust shaped cakes and stack them in a pile on their heads until enough were ready for the baking, and singing as they twirled. Remembering that the whole of the Arizona desert was there to lay them on, the guleful newspaper woman merely went on adhering to the safe principle of believing nothing she heard and only half she saw.

GENEVA LANE.

Carlisle Won.

NEW YORK, May 28.—John G. Carlisle, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, got a verdict of \$25,340 in the Supreme Court yesterday in an action against Roen Barnes, for legal services in securing a rebate on customs duties on goods imported into Porto Rico immediately after the annexation.

Dancing at East Fairmont pavilion Tuesday evening. Music by Shaw. x

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

"In a little country school not far away," says an exchange, "literary exercises are held regularly on every Friday afternoon during the term. A twelve year old boy read an original essay on 'The Newspaper.' This latter day youthful Solomon treats his subject thus:

"Newspapers are sheets of paper on which stuff to read is printed. The men look over it to see if their name is in it. I don't know how newspapers come into the world. I don't think God does. The Bible says nothing about editors, and I never heard of one being in heaven. The first editor I ever heard of was the feller who wrote up the flood. He had been here ever since."

"Some editors belong to the church and try to raise whiskers. All of them raise hell in their neighborhood. Sometimes the paper dies, and then people feel glad but some one starts it up again. Editors never went to school because editors never get licked. Our paper is a mighty poor one, but we take it so ma can use it on her pantry shelves. Our editor don't amount to much, but paw said he had a poor chance when he was a boy. He goes without underclothes in winter, wears no socks and has a wife to support him. Pa has not paid his subscription in five years and don't intend to."

POEM BY DANIEL WEBSTER

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Alexander M. Morrison, of Baltimore, sends the Sun the following poem by Daniel Webster, quoted by Rev. B. M. Palmer, of the First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, in a little volume entitled "The Broken Home; or Lessons in Sorrow." "The following lines," says Dr. Palmer, "which may be found in the biography of Mr. Webster, are not generally known. Beneath the rugged versification lurks a genuine pathos, showing the great statesman not to have been destitute of the sentiment which marks the poet."

My Son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my Son,
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But, ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,
But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears be-hold'st;
Thou art my Ancestor, my Son,
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor past—
Earlier Eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And, oh, to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayers for thee need more be made;
Oh, let thy prayers for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My Father, I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering feet with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My Son, my Father, guide me there.

I have a good saloon for sale that is doing a nice business at a good bargain. H. H. Lanham.

ANT PECULIARITIES.

Each Species Has a Distinct Odor Discernible by Other Ants.

Each ant species appears to have its distinctive odor, discernible by other ants. Within each species there are also differences of odor dependent on the age of the colony and the age of the queen from whose egg its inmates are produced. The ant's organs of smell are its antennae, and the antennae consist, as it were, of a series of noses, each of which has a special task. One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy. Another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies. The third serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may retrace its steps along its own path. Another nose smells the ant larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy. Thus if an ant be left with only the four noses it will live peacefully with alien ants, but while it has its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death. If ants make one another's acquaintance before they are twelve hours old they will thereafter live amicably together, though of different species or subfamilies. But in three days after hatching their criterion of correct ant odor is established, and they refuse to affiliate with ants whose odor is not in accord with their standard.

LINCOLN'S POETRY.

Verses That Were Brought to Light Only to Be Destroyed.

It is a sentimental habit of speech to regret the "songs never sung." Yet the dispassionate critic knows there is quite enough poetry unless it is of the very best. He has no tears for "mute, inglorious Miltons." But there is no true American who would not pay a price for a certain batch of poems probably long ago destroyed.

Gibson William Harris, who was a law student in Lincoln & Herndon's office from 1845 to 1847, has written for the Woman's Home Companion some of his recollections of Abraham Lincoln. In putting the office in order one morning he came upon two or three quires of letter paper stitched together inside a desk. He turned the leaves and found that they were covered with stanzas in Mr. Lincoln's neat running hand.

When Mr. Lincoln came in, the young man took the manuscript out of the desk again and held it up with the unnecessary and impertinent inquiry whether the poems were his.

"Where did you find it?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

He took the manuscript, rolled it up and stuffed it into his pocket. It was never seen again. The theory of the writer who tells the story is that it was taken home and put into the fire.

THE BLACK PANTHER.

So Fierce That Even Lion Trainers Dare Not Handle Him.

Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther. Hailing from the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion trainer does not venture to train, and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day. Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and gleaming restlessly.

Even the feeding hour, when pandemonium breaks loose among the big cages, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and impacts of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have no effect on him. He may lie cying his chunk of raw beef suspiciously and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor left to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs.

In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast that frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him, even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

As to "The."

A voluntary contributor to magazines and newspapers had a desirable article returned to him the other day because he began the opening paragraph with the definite article, "the." The editor wrote: "If we should allow all of our authors to begin with 'the' every article would so begin." There is at least one newspaper in New York which will not accept a story of any kind if it begins with "the." The editor in charge, seeing "the" at the opening, immediately threw the story into the wastebasket.—New York Press.

Suggesting an Improvement.

The owner of the new apartment house was exhibiting it to his brother-in-law, who was an architect.

"I had it built according to my own ideas," he said, "and it's built for keeps. An earthquake wouldn't have any effect on it."

"That's a pity," said the brother-in-law. "An earthquake might improve it"—Chicago Tribune.

An Outrage.

Conductor—You'll have to pay fare for that child, sir; he's over six. Passenger (indignantly)—Well, that's the first time I've ever been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ridden with me on cars for nine years and more.

National and Explanational.

"Is that congressman what you would call a national figure?"

"Well," answered the village wag, "when he's in Washington he's national, but when he gets back here he's explanatory."—Exchange.

People say the Daily West Virginian is all right.

A GOOD NATIONAL GAME

A Pretty Game That Will Teach You the Flags of All Nations.

A very pretty and interesting game may be played with a sheet of paper or cardboard on which are painted the flags of all nations. The sheet may be prepared by any one who has a little talent for drawing, and, though, it may entail some trouble, it will doubly pay for itself.

It is not hard to find colored pictures of the flags. Almost any good gazetteer or big dictionary contains such a sheet. They should be copied in proper order on the paper or cardboard and colored in water colors.

When the copying is done put a number under each flag instead of the name of the nation it belongs to and hang the sheet on the wall where all the players may see it. Give a sheet of paper to each player, with a list of the numbers down the left hand margin.

Now allot a certain time—say half an hour—within which the players are to write opposite each number the name of the nation to which that particular flag belongs. When the time has expired each player signs his or her list and hands it to the leader, who examines them all and awards the prize to the one having the most names right.

A miniature American flag made of silk would be a suitable prize to offer.

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We, the undersigned merchants of Fairmont, do hereby agree to close our stores all day May 30, 1904:

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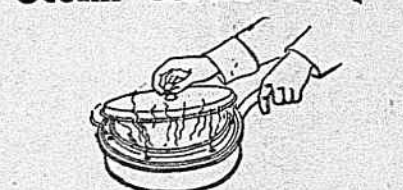
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